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## *A DUTCHMAN'S SPEECH AT A TEACHERS' MEETING.*

SIR Edward Templerow, with whom Steven Von Brammelendam was staying for a couple of days, was chairman of the "Society for training School Teachers." Of course he invited him to attend the meeting of the society. As Steven took a lively interest in everything connected with schools, the invitation was very welcome to him. He even promised to give an address, and, to be able to do so, kept his room all day to write his speech. At half-past seven Sir Edward came to tell him that the gig was at the door. Steven had never heard the word "gig" before, but he guessed it must be a conveyance. He got a place by Sir Edward's side, on the platform, and after some business was gone through, "the friend from Holland" was summoned to address the meeting.

"Dear friends," he said, "when I rode through the streets in the wig of your chairman——"

Poor Steven! he could not proceed. An uproarious burst of laughter drowned his voice. He took it with the best possible humor, though, and patiently waited till the people, both on and around the platform, had recovered. Meanwhile Sir Edward, amid much chuckling, explained to him, in a whispered tone, the cause of this unexpected but amus-

ing disturbance; and when the noise had subsided Steven thus proceeded:

"When I rode through the streets of your giant-like town [applause], and when I saw the many churches which heave their towers up stairs [laughter], I thought the English are a very churchical people [great laughter]. I therefore wonder not that you also are an educational people, for religion is the mother of education, and where there are many churches there we may expect that there are also many schools."

Here Steven could annex his written speech, which he then read as follows:

"But schools are not the unique thing which is necessary for a good education. The great requisite is to have understanding schoolmasters, who are not principleless, as many, alas! are, but who go out from the true beginning. A good school building with a bad schoolmaster, is equal to a fine coach with a drunken coachman [laughter]. Some schoolmasters give the children too little. They neglect them, as if our children were but monkeys, walking on their behind legs [uproarious laughter]. No, our children are not monkeys, but such schoolmasters are donkeys. Others give to the children too much. They endeavor to make professors of them. They endeavor to replenish their little heads with the inkeepings of the whole universe. They will make famous astronomers of them, and climb up with them up stairs, far beyond sun and moon, and still abover [loud laughter]. Or they will make learned geologists of them, and valley with them down stairs, into the bowels of the earth, or still belower. But this is perverted [laughter]. When we communicate knowledge to men we must be prudent, as we are in giving them natural food. We give roast beef and entries to great people, but we feed our babies with poultice [uproarious laughter]. Just so we must make our teaching stuff for children so low that it falls under their childish comprehension. Schoolmasters must not stand among the little fellows like Goliath among the Philistines. They must know how, as it were, to squat down by their side, and thus teach them as if they were their ancienter brothers [laughter]. Teachers who refuse thus to humble themselves, bereave the

children of great before-parts [renewed laughter]. It exhilarates me to learn that your society fosters the same feelings as I do with relation to this weighty object. I hope that you will find many low young men, who stick out by humility as well as by ability. I hope that your schools will more and more be illustrious spectacles for the eye of the nation, spectacles of order, of discipline, and solid instruction, and of many other useful proprieties and predicaments. I hope that your schools will more and more be the wet nurses of great men, so that whole Europe, looking at the English people, shall be pulled up in stupefaction at the bigness of this nation" [great applause.]

Here Steven Van Brammelendam sat down amid deafening applause.

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*THE SONS OF PESTALOZZI.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL GUTZKOW.

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CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Wülfig, followed by one attendant, arrived that night at the Wolfshalde, he saw with great grief what arrangements had been made by the different owners of the chase to stop the poachers from future encroachments on their pleasures. The moon had risen, and the different members of the expedition were assigned their posts. The spot that was chosen was the place where salt was strewn for giving "a lick" to the deer, generally called "Salzlecke." As the deer were wont to congregate at this place in the beginning of the night, it was probable that the poachers would attempt here their encroachments. Soon the deer made their appearance with their antlers towering over their heads; they kept themselves in the shade, avoiding the light of the moon which seemed to frighten them by the reflection of their own forms. Now they sipped and licked the salty fluid with

which the place was impregnated. Soon their pugnacity was excited. Their antlers began to cross. Still there was none of those furious battles which oftentimes are fought like duels among the deer, when the non-combatants surround them like umpires of the struggle. Soon a stir was heard in the direction of the Wäbicht, an old nursery, now grown into an impenetrable thicket. Directly the poachers were seen to emerge from that part of the forest, having with them carts for conveying the slain deer. The first report was heard, and a magnificent Achtender, or deer with eight antlers, fell to the ground, hit by the fatal lead. Bartel was the marksman. All recognized the poacher, and then Hennenhöft also was seen—the master of the wood among its plunderers. Silently the members of the expedition left their standpoints to surround the Salzlecke, and cut off the retreat of the poaching party towards the Wäbicht: for pursuit in that part of the forest was impossible. Soon the combat opened. Several reports were heard. Wülfig, as soon as he had recognized Hennenhöft, remained behind with Mr. Anbelang. He felt as if his feet were tied to the ground; but the shouting of the combatants stirred him up. When he approached the scene, he saw that all was over; some were fleeing, others were captured. Before him lay Hennenhöft in his blood.

He still recognized his comrade. The unfortunate man convulsively pointed with his uplifted hand towards the rattling chest. He tried to speak. Smothered curses moved his lips, which soon became rigid and stiff. "Countess—child—son"—these were the words of terror ejaculated by Hennenhöft. The arm of the dying man was stretched out to point at the distance. "Not America," was the last articulated sound that Wülfig comprehended. A wailing smothered the words of the wretch, a sound as if he felt a peculiar terror or despair at something unfinished. The dying man tried to raise himself up. Wülfig assisted him, but he rolled on the ground, his hand groping at his breast. Wülfig's hands felt a key. He seized it together with Hennenhöft's purse.

Hennenhöft was dead. The gens d'armes shackled the prisoners, among whom was Bartel's wife, who had been arrested on the cart. Nobody was surprised that Wülfig had



withdrawn in haste, leaving to the others the transporting of the dead man and the prisoners.

"Countess—child—son—not America," was the echo repeated to him by every leaf as he staggered along. He clutched the key and the purse, as if they were instruments of divine wrath. He tottered. His feet usually so sure, slipped at places which were well-known to him. Now he saw beasts of prey, martens, pole-cats—the natural enemies of huntsmen—but he could not stop to shoot them, not even to note the places where they disappeared behind the mossy rocks. The moon was concealed by the clouds. A storm was threatening. The leaves around him were moved by the wind, and nature was aroused from her slumber. Was it the terror of his conscience that hurried him so rapidly along? Must he call himself Hennenhöft's murderer? Such thoughts grinned at him like teeth in the mouths of sneering devils. Did not the bullets that forever silenced Hennenhöft answer his own interest? These reproaches of his own heart triumphed over him.<sup>1</sup> Halloh! what sound was that? That was the wild huntsman<sup>1</sup> who, with his retinue, on neighing horse-skeletons, with cracking whips and discordant horns, was riding through the forest. He first seemed to keep steadily behind Wülfing; who felt as if drawn backward, and pressed with bony arms to everlasting perdition.

But his night's mission was accomplished in spite of all. He reached the abode of the wood-ward. Two powerful dogs were tearing at their chains. Their howling seemed a wail for their dead master, whose blood they probably smelt on Wülfing's clothes. Two kennels protected them from the rain which the hunter did not feel. Now he had to descend. His eyes and his feet found the right way. There were the long sheds for the bark, intended for the next auction. There were the long roofs under which the charcoal was piled up. At the right and at the left he had to walk through black cinders and scraps of tan-bark. There was a barn for the cones of pines. Then came the little house, half underground. Behind it an open staircase led to the ruins of the old convent. The settlement was entirely bare of tenants. The workmen lived dispersed in

<sup>1</sup> The legend of the wild huntsman is familiar in many mountainous districts of Germany. It is a relic of Paganism, and the wild huntsman has, in all these legends, the attributes of Satan

the forest and in the neighboring hamlets, and came to the place at sunrise. Wülfing was driven on as by a mysterious voice. He stepped to the house and the latch yielded. The house had been open! There could be no mysteries.

A cat with fiery eyes met him. He struck a light, for which a huntsman in the forest always carries the necessary articles. He found a lantern which he lighted. All was still. The closets were open. He returned to the street-door, and tried the key which he had taken from Hennenhöft. It did not fit. Why had the dying man snatched at this key? He tried it at the kitchen door and at the bedroom; it fitted neither. Being perplexed, he stepped out of doors. To what door could that key belong? He thought of the purse. In it there were two small keys and some money. Where did these keys belong? Nowhere did he see locked closets. He groped at the walls and opened out all drawers. He found papers, but they contained nothing except official accounts. His eye fell on a bag in the kitchen. It was the bread-bag, which Hennenhöft was in the habit of filling at the bakery, and carrying to his house. There was bread for more than one person. He felt himself exhausted and sat down on a stool. A bird, in its half open cage, was stirred up by the light. It fluttered anxiously about, and began to warble a tune as if mistaken in the time. It was a blue thrush, rare in that part of the country, and trained for certain melodies. A clock struck three; the bird tried to reply to the sound, but failed in the attempt. The rain struck the windows. No streak of light announced yet the break of morning. When Wülfing again opened the door, he noticed that the cat sprang outside in spite of the rain, of which no animal is more afraid. It jumped upon a height behind the house, and disappeared in the dark. Wülfing with his lantern and keys followed. He discovered a rickety staircase which led upward to a barn. On the left was a beaten track through the grass, up a little hill. He took this path, and found that the way continued over the roofs of sheds. Having passed over these, he was arrested by a cut which on the other side showed the ruins of the old convent. Having jumped over this and followed a path over stones and rubbish, he stood before a door which he found to be locked.

He tried the large key and it unlocked the door. Upon opening it he started back. There was utter darkness, a toad hopped over his foot. The air was damp and mouldy. By the light of the lantern he saw that the inner room was empty. There was a spiral stair-case in the back-ground, leading downward. After having descended more than twelve steps, he came into a spacious room, paved with brick. Here a large chest attracted his attention. He tried one of the smaller keys, and it fitted. Having opened it, he believed himself to be at the end of his expedition. He found a number of papers, carefully folded, and lying in a pile. He took them up, and put them into his hunting pouch. His eyes fell on a great number of small glasses and boxes, bearing druggists' labels, part of the former still containing liquids, and part of the latter, powders. The marks on the different labels showed that the contents must be medicines. But for whom were they intended? And why were they so concealed? A glance was sufficient to show that several of the labels bore the names of distant cities, and that the dates went back ten years. His surprise was greatly increased by the discovery of money in the upper drawers of the chest. There were State stocks and rolls of hard coin. He opened one, which contained sovereigns and napoleons. But the maximum of his discoveries had not been reached. The last key had not served him yet.

He observed a door, at the right of the stairs. He tried the key,—the door opened. All was still. Gradually his hand gained the necessary strength to lift the lantern. By its light he saw—a human being lying on straw, and tied to a block of wood. He could not yet distinguish whether it was a child, or a youth; but it had a face of deadly paleness, and was—breathing. Appalled as he was, he was obliged to sit down on the floor. There was no chair or stool in the room. He saw only a jar with water, some toys, little horses of varnished wood with patches of silk. He stretched out his hand to awake the boy, for such the figure seemed to be, but withdrew it again; he was afraid to interrupt his sleep. The cell was no larger than ten feet square, and not five feet high. At the ceiling he noticed an opening for air. There was no trace of stove or table. A leather cord fastened to the wooden block was lost under

the cover which enveloped the sleeping creature. Probably the cord went round the body of the prisoner, and hindered him in his movements.

Wülfig had now to give up all hope of keeping in his hands the reins of fate. To continue concealing the misdeed committed was out of the question. Fate must take its course. He easily perceived that Hennenhöft had not sent Countess Jadwiga's son to America; nor had he, as it was rumored, given the new-born child to emigrants in a French seaport. Perhaps he had intended to murder the boy, but afterward had allowed him to grow up in some distant place. Then he had placed him here, and fed him like a beast, perhaps from fear, perhaps to show his gratitude, as did I (so thought Wülfig) and my unfortunate wife. What will she say, when this intelligence comes to our cottage, and is made known to the world!

Wülfig did not awake the youth; but in great agitation arose, closed the chest, and slunk back to the abodes of men who, though more ruthless than beasts of prey, still call themselves God's images. The day was just breaking in the upper world. Rain was falling. He returned to the house of the murderer, the double murderer, for Hennenhöft had murdered both body and soul. Without Wülfig's search the boy must have perished for want of food. For hours he sat weeping, with his head leaning on his arm. Once more he slunk back to the subterranean abode, guarded by angels. The youth was still sleeping. He put his hand on his limbs. They felt soft and relaxed. A happy smile, as if reflected from a beautiful dream, was diffused over the features of the poor, unhappy being. But a dream? What experience of HIS life could appear to him as a dream? He was robbed of his human rights from the first dawn of life! He could not know the world; no recollections were his; his dreams could be only of his little wooden horses!

At length, towards the ninth hour, the Judicial Commission arrived at the dwelling. Wülfig reported to the members all he had discovered. He handed the key to Mr. Anbelang, and tottered towards his own home. The members of the Commission descended to the dungeon; they found the money, the glasses, the vessels, and at last a weep-

ing human being, who was hiding from the light of day to which they carried him. Hennenhöft's atrocious crime was placed beyond doubt, but the question to whom the miserable victim belonged, was enveloped in darkness.

When Lienhard saw the youth he said to his father: O father, this boy must be mine! He is a being of uncorrupted nature—a blank tablet, not yet defiled by the confused handwriting of life and the prejudices of thousands of years. I shall educate him to be a model to mankind—to the glory of Bacon, Rousseau, Pestalozzi—O heavenly, eternal light, give me thy blessing for this work. I desire no more! Keep your worldly goods, dear father! I have gained something better,—a budding soul, a pure, unsullied being, not yet poisoned by life, school, state, house, society. I shall educate this being to become my ideal of MAN.

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#### SUBURBAN SAUNTERINGS.

I HAVE my doubts about the fitness of this title. A sauntering gait I never choose except on compulsion, and I find it the most tedious of all. My natural pace, up hill and down dale, is one hundred and twenty-two steps to the minute, or thereabouts; say, four miles an hour without relaxing. But my country walking is rapid for another reason: the want of crossroads compels me, in my favorite excursions, to achieve a certain number of miles in the shortest time practicable; and as I become more familiar with the neighborhood, I must needs go further and further for freshness of scenery. However, let the title stand for want of a better, and let me be permitted to make some extracts from the journal in which my out-door life is recorded.

*February 7, 1869.*—The mountain from which all my excursions begin, is a long range, of even height, running nearly north and south. This morning, on crossing the summit at sunrise, I notice that the clouds in the western hemisphere converge, as if to a luminary on that horizon, and meet in the zenith to form a lozenge with the cloud rays coming from the east.

*February 20, 1870.*—A much more remarkable cloud phenomenon. The sun is fairly up—perhaps two diameters above the horizon—the sky a dull, hazy white. A solitary ball of vapor, warmed into smoke color, floats above between me and the sun, a little southward. It is so dense that it cuts off the sun's rays by rectilinear lines, as if a solid body, and casts a dark blue shadow against the paleness of the sky. I can liken the appearance to nothing so much as to a comet. The shadow and the ball lasted but a few moments after they were first observed. The waning moon was still visible, and surrounded by vapor.

*March 1, 1868.*—A forenoon walk. Snow on all the roads and fields. This steep way must have seen a load of hay pass yesterday. On the short curves the snow is smoothed and scratched much as the stones along the Mohawk, at Little Falls, N. Y., have been worn by the water that once burst its barrier at that wonderful place. On the great rock yonder, beside the brook, I distinguish mosses that are pale green, pink, and brick color; the north end red, and very bright. A German beldam, washing her face at the corner of the shanty in which she lives, is scolding her little grandson in accents more resembling those of a fowl than of a human being. The Germans love these slopes and valleys between the ridges, often not so dissimilar, I fancy, to the ever dear *Thal* of the Fatherland. One may pick out their cottages in this region infallibly by the grapevine trellis beside the door. Here, for instance, lives Henry Müller, advertising by a rude sign that his house and seven "akers" are for sale. Not much, in truth, can be said for this estate, except that it commands superb views south and westward. From his back windows Müller may look on a fold of the broad back of this mountain—a subordinate valley, with dark brown cedars running down into and among deciduous trees at the bottom, whose pale, bare stems and branches seem like mist rising up at the sun's command. Now we have reached the deep drifts of an unfrequented road, and a tan colored dog, seeing our plight, has come out to worry us. He follows us maliciously in the rear till we near the extreme limit of his master's protection; then the sly fellow runs in front of us and turns as if to dispute our progress.



That is his last card, and he skulks home again; though doubtless he calls it retiring with honor. In the valley again, we pass a school house opposite a noble row of elms, from which the wind has dislodged an empty bird's nest. On the roof lies a brick that has fallen from the chimney, with sundry sticks beside it, probably thrown after it to bring it down. Within one sees white curtains, and on a Sunday hears singing, as the country people meet to worship here, and so save the house from the dilapidation common to its kind. Leaving, as we ascend, the symbol of public instruction, we meet that of licensed vice in the beer saloon yonder, whose stones have more color in them than a toper's nose. Our walk ends amid the pleasant odor of new felled timber.

*April 1, 1868.*—Many are the signs of spring. About this time a man's pockets begin to tear out before he is ready to cast off his winter suit, and he loses pennies and toothpicks, pencils and ferry tickets, in the linings of his vest, and letters and handkerchiefs in the linings of his coat. The horses and cattle break loose from their stalls and play havoc with the garden and the soft lawn; there is brush-burning on all the hills; in the river the shad poles are set, and have been, perhaps, from the 19th of March—the sight of the boatmen who set them is as picturesque as any scene in Venice. Wild flowers we seldom find here earlier than April. Hepaticas and anemones I have met as early as the tenth; saxifrage, perhaps, a trifle sooner.

*May 11, 1868.*—The maple leaves are born as they die, in rich colors. The beeches, tulip poplars, birches, and dogwoods are leafing out in the neighboring ravines—those nearest the stream being most advanced. The beech is gradually supplanting the other trees, not without a recompense. In fact, nothing can be more delicious than the green and the straight horizontal lines of its foliage, when the sun shines through it. No tree, with us, is so tenacious of its leaves, the oak not excepted. They hang on, not a few of them, till the new buds swell and their successors put forth. This handsome young tree by the house, that some domestic Board of Health will one day order down, not only because it has pushed into the hickory that stands next it, but grazes



the house itself with its lower limbs, has a bleached winter look that is very charming to me. From my bedroom as I rise I watch its outlines against the sky and against the background of turf and evergreens; and I have been struck with the fact that against a blue-black sky the branches show dark, while against the yellow, dead grass at their feet all their whiteness shows out; proving that the light of the sky is not to be measured by its color at any given time. But this observation is chiefly for the artist. He, also, will most care to learn of a phenomenon of a different class, which, indeed, is common enough, but not always noticed. I first remarked it in May, as it happened. On an east and west road, running through a tolerably deep cutting, the smoke from a cottage on the north side is naturally blown south by a bold wind from the north, while the dust raised by the carriage in the road below, is blown northward, i. e., towards the cottage, by the same current. Of course it has been deflected by the houses on the opposite, or south side. In New York I have seen, at nightfall, a similar and rather picturesque contrast in direction between the smoke of a chimney and that of a tar heap on the cobblestones, say fifty feet below. No one can walk Broadway and escape the dust without heeding this simple principle, and taking the side of the street *opposite* the prevailing wind. On the North River the effects on the smoke or steam of vessels by their motion and of the wind combined, afford a curious study. I saw, on one occasion, two tugs going in the *same* direction, and only a few yards from each other, whose steam was blown in exactly opposite directions; but this I have never been able to explain.

June 16, 1868.—A dense fog prevailing, the increase in the wood odors is quite remarkable.

P. CHAMITE.

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UPON the wall of a classroom, in the University of Edinburgh, the late Sir William Hamilton left the following words: "There is nothing great on earth but man; there is nothing great in man but mind."

*FICTION AS AN EDUCATOR.*

THE most striking conjunction of favorable circumstances for intellectual education is seen where severe study imparts the strength essential to the forcible development of ideas, and gives vigor to the mind's conceptions, yet leaves leisure and opportunity in the season of "unperilous choice" for the due working and entertainment of happy accidents; infusing new images through the medium of pleasure, the more delightful from an experience of task-work and labor imposed. The intellect labors still, but it rejoices even in a strain to full tension, exacted neither by duty nor teacher's will, but by curiosity catching a glimpse of what life may be, and what the world offers, to its choicer spirits. Where to these is added the excitement of stirring times, and the clash and conflict of great interests, we recognize the circumstances under which Milton's genius developed itself, and later on the school of our Lake poets. Sometimes great political events are sufficient of themselves to give the stimulus to childhood, providing they are viewed from a sufficient distance, and are absolutely removed from personal participation. In times of great wars, great tragedies, great discoveries, vast social changes, indelible impressions are made on the minds of children, who hear of them as they hear a fairy tale, or the things that happened once upon a time. We see such an influence telling on the little Brontë children, in their remote seclusion, who lived in a permanent excitement about the Duke of Wellington, and used to invent stories, of which the Marquess of Douro was the hero. But infancy rarely gets the proper ring of these public stimulants. In wealthy, well-regulated households the children are in the nursery when telegrams bring their startling news, and the paper at the breakfast-table tells of the hero falling in battle, of great cities besieged, of new lands discovered, the earth's treasures brought to light, kings dethroned, emperors taken captive, and a nation's joy suddenly turned to mourning. Therefore, still to prefigure the turns and shocks of fate—the deeper emotions of manhood—and to prepare heart and soul for their keen recep-

tion and eloquent portrayal, must infancy be fed on fictitious wonders, joys, and sorrows, and so learn the difference between life as the mass use and treat it, and life in its nobleness, its fascinations, its capabilities; thus providing it with a pictured experience and standard of comparison.

As the world goes, however, it is not only that the child is out of sight of excitements, but that the excitements of common life are small and piecemeal; intolerable to eager expectation, if this be really all. Life is rarely seen in picturesque circumstances; where it is, doubtless it makes a deep impression. Any disinterested emotion from public events leaves an indelible mark on the memory of childhood. To find 'mamma crying "because they have cut the Queen of France's head off," was an intellectual stimulus of the noblest sort for little girls fourscore years ago, but one which does not often come in the way of our little girls. We old folks cannot regret the humdrum exterior of our insular existence (if in the painful—we trust it may also be passing—excitement of fierce war between neighbor nations if we may use the expression), knowing that emotion means discomfort and worse. We are content that the infant should establish it as an axiom that grown-up people do not cry, nor allow themselves in any turbid irregularities. It is well that joys and griefs should hide their disorder from young eyes troublesomely inquisitive in such matters, and treasuring up in memory every abnormal display of passion as something rare and startling—if seen, that is, under dignified or elevating circumstances, for the excesses of ill-temper are not what we mean. Not the less is it part of a really liberal education to know of such things with realizing power; one, we assert, which fiction can alone adequately perform. History tells of great sorrows and great successes, but it is only poetry and fancy that can make them felt. It was the old woman's stories, listened to by Burns—she who had the largest, wildest collection in the whole country, of tales and songs about witches, apparitions, giants, enchanted towers, and dragons—that enlarged his imagination for the reception of heroic fact, and made reading the lives of Hannibal and William Wallace such an epoch. History of itself, eagerly apprehended in childhood, ministers to personal

ambition ; and premature ambition does not, we think, lead to the fulfilment of its hopes. The boy who devours Plutarch's lives of great men hopes to rival them. Fiction proper induces dreams, it may be, of personal aggrandizement, but it more naturally sets the child upon weaving tales of his own, in which self is forgotten.

But if works of fancy perform such wonders on the masculine mind—if to it men of genius trace their first consciousness of thought, the beginning of their present selves—much more is this the case with women. If women, learning fact in a slipshod, inaccurate, unattractive way, are at the same time cut off from fiction, as by some strict, scrupulous teachers they are, where is the wonder if their interests and intellect alike stand at a low level? Miss Thackeray's sleeping beauty, before the awakener comes, personates with little exaggeration the mental famine in which some girls grow up to meagre womanhood, learning dull lessons, practising stock-pieces, hearing only drowsy family talk of "hurdles and pump-handles," and adding their quota to the barren discourse, like Cecilia in the story, with, "Mamma, we saw ever so many slugs in the laurel walk—didn't we, Maria? I think there are a great many slugs in our place."

There are many women desultory, restless, incorrigible interrupters, incapable of amusing themselves or of being amused by the same thing for five minutes together, who would have been pleasanter and so far better members of society if once in their girlhood they had read a good novel with rapt attention—one of Walter Scott's or Miss Austen's, or, not invidiously to select among modern great names, if the Fates had thrown it in their way, Sir Charles Grandison—entering into the characters, realizing the descriptions, following the dialogue, appreciating the humor, and enchained by the plot. If they had once been interested in a book, their attention once concentrated out of themselves, the relaxed unsteady faculties must have been nerved and tightened by the tonic, not for the time only, but with lasting results.

Very few girls have the chance of thorough good training; nor do we find that women of acknowledged genius

have been exceptionally fortunate in this respect. But we find more distinctly in them even than in men the recognition of fiction as the awakening touch, and this often allied with acting, and through the drama. Mrs. Thrale was a pet of Quin's, and taught by him to declaim. At six years old she followed his acting of Cato with absorbed attention. It was one of Garrick's offices to stimulate female genius. He helped to make Hannah More. It is curious in this relation to observe, towards the end of the last century, the success, intellectually speaking, of a girl's school at Reading, conducted by a French emigrant and his wife. Dr. Valpy, indeed, was their friend, and his influence in direct teaching might tell for much, but acting was part of its system. We are not commending this excitement for girls, but merely noting for our argument's sake that three distinguished women, whose names are still household words among us, were pupils at this school—Miss Mitford, Mrs. Sherwood, and Jane Austen. Any reader acquainted with Miss Mitford's works will recall a very bright account, in her most glowing effusive vein, of a school-play, and of the girls who acted it. On Mrs. Sherwood, her much-enjoyed residence at this school, and share in its excitements, made as deep an impression; though she dwells on her school-days avowedly to lament the want of religious training—a deficiency, under the circumstances, not to be wondered at. As for Jane Austen, she went to this same school at Reading when too young to profit much by the instruction imparted there, because she would not be parted from her elder sister Cassandra; but deep impressions may be given and thought awakened before lessons of much consequence are learnt. Here the taste for private theatricals was probably acquired which suggested such admirable scenes in Mansfield Park.

But at this date, when education proper was not thought of for girls, the drama had everywhere an educational part to play. Madame de Genlis, as a child of five, enacted Love with such grace, and looked so charming in fitting costume—pink silk, blue wings, quiver, bow, and all—that her mother had several suits of it made for weekday and Sunday, only taking off the wings when she went to mass. At about the

same age she read Clelie, Mdlle. de Scudery's wonderful romance of ten volumes, with its map of the kingdom of ten<sup>d</sup> derness; caught the infection before she could write, and dictated novels in her turn. These novels of Mdlle. de Scudery, prolix to the utmost point of unreadableness, were supreme influences in their own day. The offspring of a genuine enthusiasm in their author, the fact that they took time, and protracted the *dénouement* beyond the capacity of modern patience, did not prevent the youth of her day devouring them with an enthusiasm as ardent, and they were fit instruments for the purpose we indicate. Both for knowledge of character, in however quaint disguise, and power of description, they bear favorable comparison with many a popular novel of our day, while in elevation of sentiment they stand on a higher level, altogether, than our own sensational literature. We find the same combination of acting and novel reading in the childhood of Madame de Staël, though she came into the world when education had been started as the favorite theme of the philosophers, and women took it up as the panacea with more than manly faith. Fancy was then in disgrace. Madame Necker objected to novels—her daughter must receive a severe classical training; and Madame de Genlis, who felt teaching her specialty, and in her capacity of educationist would have quenched the Fairy Tale once for all, longed to take the clever girl in hand, "to make a really accomplished woman of her." But the drama and the novel were not the less a necessity and passion for the child of genius who cut out paper kings and queens, and gave them each their heroic or passionate part, and undutifully smuggled Clarissa under her lesson books, declaring years after that Clarissa's elopement was one of the great events of her youth. But novels read in childhood, whether by Scudery or Richardson, imparted little of their own tone; this was all caught from society and the family, from the living voice of the practical view of things taken by the world around. Their influence might thus seem to be rather intellectual than moral, though we would not presume on this notion so far as to suffer a child knowingly to read what offends propriety or right feeling.

The child, awaking to its powers, begins to be the same



self it will be to the end, occupied in the same speculations, open to the same interests. With relation to society it knows itself a child; but in its inmost consciousness, from early boyhood to old age, it knows no change. To this innermost consciousness the class of children's books proper, with their juvenile feats, and trials, and lessons, ministers nothing. They are too easy to understand—they keep the mind where it is, instead of stretching it out of itself. They have, indeed, a most valuable purpose; where they are to be had they are practically essential for the average run of children. Yet genius did, in fact, very well without them. As Walter Scott says, in recalling his first acquaintance, at seven, with Hotspur, Falstaff, and others of Shakespeare's characters—"Children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind from hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend. It is a mistake to write down to children's understanding. Set them on the scent and let them puzzle it out."

It is a very natural prejudice, if only a prejudice, to assume that the nature of the fiction that influenced the first thought of ourselves, and our ancestors, is better suited to the work than what characterizes our own age; but we believe there is reason in the view. The more invention is pure and direct, the less it is mixed with analysis and elaborate psychological speculation, the less it inquires into causes, or stops a plain tale at every turn to tell the reason why, the more congenial it is to a fresh and hungry curiosity. The structure of all the poetry and fiction recorded to have wrought marvels upon infantile brains is simple, and may be fully apprehended; while the high and deep thought beneath bides its time, and grows with the growth. Spenser, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and much of Wordsworth, are all adapted to every stage of thinking humanity. The boast of our own age is the reverse of simplicity. Men not only do things, but the reader has to get to the bottom of why they do them. All the science of instinct is investigated to account for each action. The reverencers of that "wonderful poem," and nine times told tale, "The Ring and the Book," think it small reproach that no child could read it—that he would probably feel repulsion towards it rather than attraction; but the poetry that repels



childhood wants one mainstay of fame and continuance. The sensational novel is as little adapted to a child's taste, with its stock corps of knaves, dupes, villains, and favorites of fortune. He may run through it for the incident, but it can make no footing in the memory. The superior claims on sympathy of vice over virtue is an acquired idea. As an educator it is nowhere, for it damages the intellect as much as the moral nature to be early intangled in the quandaries of crime and a polluted conscience; to view them with the feelings rather of a participator and condoner than a judge. As for the drama, no plays now answer so well as the detestable burlesque—a wallowing in the mire—which no child could relish, after it understood the end and aim, without permanent moral and intellectual degradation.

The motives now for exercising invention are of a more plodding common place order than they were of old, when praise rather than solid pudding was the inducement to the pains of composition. The knack of writing novels with ease, and putting together creditably imaginary talk, incident and description, is an acquirement of our time. It is astonishing how many people can do it well who would not have dreamed of putting pen to paper a hundred years ago. Then it was considered necessary to have a story to tell as a preliminary—the novelist's capital, so to say. It is clear that this is quite a secondary condition in much modern novel writing. Start your characters, and the story is expected to evolve itself. There must be plot and story, in the true sense of the words, to engage and hold a child's attention. But Nature is not lavish of this crowning effort of invention, so that the quantity of our so-called fiction tells nothing for the extent of its influence; while the direction it takes, either as being didactic, and obtruding a moral or philosophic purpose, or as ministering to a base rather than an aspiring curiosity, or as surveying things with a nicety and minuteness of investigation alien to the spirit of childhood, seems still to throw us back upon the old models—the few typical achievements of genius—as the natural chosen nurses and cultivators of the higher faculties—models which probably owe their form and excellence to some remote originator; for as there is nothing so rare as invention in its

strictest sense and highest walk, it follows that of inventors proper, whether in verse or prose, there must be fewer than of any other class the world owns.

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PETROLEUM AS A FUEL.

THE question of utilizing crude petroleum for the purposes of fuel, which has attracted the attention of many scientific and practical men ever since the discovery of that article, seems at last to be in a fair way of solution. A series of remarkable experiments have hitherto been tried to utilize the immense heat-producing power of petroleum, and three different plans were tested by the Navy Department in 1867. These, however, all brought petroleum into direct contact with fire, and were, therefore, fraught with much danger as well as many chemical difficulties.

The great aim, therefore, was to discover a process whereby the tendency to carbonization should be overcome. This difficulty has been done away with.

The apparatus consists of a cylinder, like a small locomotive boiler set on end, with a smaller cylinder within it, the intervening space being filled with petroleum. The smaller cylinder is filled with six hundred small copper tubes, and through these the superheated steam passes, producing vapor from the oil that fills the interstices between the tubes. This vaporized oil rises through a layer of prepared sponge, and just at the point of exit is mixed with superheated steam in any required proportion, thus producing hydro-carbon gas. This gas passes through iron tubes to the point where the fuel is needed, and is there burned, very much like common gas. In the case which was shown, the kiln was filled with stone, and in a very short time after the fire was lighted the heat was more intense than can be expressed by comparison. All this time the fire was under perfect control, and, by a simple turn of a screw, the combustion was made more or less intense. The experiment was varied by admitting a greater or less proportion of steam into the pipes, so that in some cases the fire was fed with fifty per cent. or more of water, and the remainder of vaporized oil.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## PART ELEVEN.

## THE PEOPLE'S INFLUENCE, 1700-1870.

"Instead of holding that battles, sieges, grand descriptions, tears, sighs, murder, blood, suicide, assassination, and death alone were 'poetical,' instead of holding that kings and princes, Timours, Bajazets, Hamets, Grand Turks, potentates, and great noblemen alone deserved a monopoly of high and pure feelings, Wordsworth quietly went on, worshipping Nature, and assuring his own heart that that which is true and beautiful, is beautiful and true in the heart of the peasant as well as in that of a great warrior, or a Serene Highness."

## AGE OF POETICAL ROMANCE, 1800-1830.

THE student of literature finds writers on the subject speaking of this or that *school* of poetry, and it is well that he fix in his mind the significance of the term. A school of medicine, or theology, we can understand; but a school of poetry is not described with the same exactness, and must be spoken of in more general terms. A school of poets is sometimes a particular sect, to which certain writers acknowledge themselves to belong; or it may be a name applied by others to those who hold a common doctrine, peculiar to a sect, or to a class of teachers.

In speaking of Dr. Donne, in our chapter on the Italian influence, we said he belonged to the so-called *metaphysical* school. This name was originated by Dr. Johnson, and though its appropriateness is strongly questioned, it is still sometimes used to designate a certain class of poets. Of them Professor Reed says, that they deemed it "the perfection of poetry so to entangle every poetic image, or impulse, in a maze of scholastic allusions, in forced and arbitrary turns of thought, paradoxes, antitheses, quaintnesses, subtleties, that the reader's chief pleasure must have been the exercise of a correspondent and inappropriate ingenuity in discovering the path of the labyrinth."

After this class of writers we find the *artificial*, or French school introduced by John Dryden, who, in the words of Pope,

"taught to join  
The varying verse, the full, resounding line,  
The full majestic march, and energy divine."

Pope adds that there still remained "some traces of our rustic vein," and,

"E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot  
The last and greatest art—the art to blot."

In their efforts at greater polish, Pope and his friends became more artificial than Dryden. Dissatisfied with our Shakespeare, they tried to improve his diction. One line will show how they succeeded. For

"The icicle that hangs on Dian's temple,"

they would have the world read,

"The icicle that hangs on the temple of Diana!"

This school cared little for nature. Mr. Southey says of Pope, that he pictured "the planets rolling around the moon, the pole gilt and glowing with stars; trees made yellow, and mountains tipped with silver by the moonlight, and the whole sky in a flood of glory."

After this there arose what has been called the *transition* school, the members of which began to study nature more. James Thomson, author of the *Seasons*, was of this school. This author has been called our best descriptive poet, but he did not arrive at the simple naturalness attained by the *Lake School*, so called, which marks the age we are now considering.

We have more than once spoken of the intimate connection between historical events and literary progress, and we must note it here again. The Reign of Terror and the overturning of settled organizations in France, were contemporary with the inauguration of a Romantic School of literature there, as well as with the rapid development of a national literature in Germany, of which Goethe, Schiller, Kant, and Fichte were exponents. These events were not without an influence in England; and thus, in each country, there was a strong tendency to forsake conventional style, and classical themes, and to adopt romantic themes and simple forms of expression.

Dryden and Pope had passed away, and Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, and Burns had begun the healthful reaction that Wordsworth and others were to carry forward.

Thomas Percy's name is now forced upon our consideration. He deserves to be honored because he seems to have exerted a powerful influence, by simply following out the impulses of an honest taste for a style of literature that had fallen into small repute. Percy was a bishop of the established church, and a member of the family mentioned in *Chevy Chase*. In 1794 he published his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, which he compiled from collections made by John Selden, Samuel Pepys, and others. It is natural to suppose that the author's family connection with the Percies, of Northumberland, gave him a pleasant stimulus in his charming work. This same ballad, however, when sung by a blind fiddler, with a rough voice, and rude style, had stirred the heart of polished Philip Sydney, two centuries before Percy's day, and it had called forth encomiums from the refined Addison, also.

The student will be pleased to read the opinion of Addison on this subject, in the *Spectator*. Among the stanzas that he praises are these :

“ The stout earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summers' days to take.

Our English archers bent their bows,  
Their hearts were good and true ;  
At the first flight of arrows sent  
Full three-score Scots they slew.

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain ;  
An English archer then perceived  
The noble earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree,  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Unto the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right his shaft he set,  
The grey-goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day  
 Till setting of the sun,  
 For when they rung the evening bell  
 The battle scarce was done.

Next day did many widows come  
 Their husbands to bewail ;  
 They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bathed in purple blood  
 They bore them then away ;  
 They kissed them, dead, a thousand times,  
 When they were clad in clay."

Is this too simple for our consideration? It was not too simple for a bishop to study and publish—and it contains much true poetic thought expressed in natural words. Even Dryden, artificial as *he* was, confessed to an admiration for such old ballads; they gave Sir Walter Scott an impulse, and they helped to bring English poetry into a state of health and purity. The period presents us an array of poets not found in any other era we have to contemplate.

One poet, Samuel Rogers, will help to make us acquainted with all the others, for he was contemporary with them all. He was himself remarkable for refinement rather than force; he was wealthy, and loved to entertain men of letters and statesmen at his elegant home in St. James Place, London.

Let us imagine a group in his drawing-room. There is Percy, dignified yet graceful, and Shelley, the imaginative, audacious sceptic; Byron, the eccentric misanthrope and fascinating poet; George Crabbe, the humble country parson and minute objective poetic artist; Jeremy Bentham, the precocious graduate of Oxford, and utilitarian political economist; Sir Walter Scott, then the romantic bard of the *Border Minstrelsy*, afterwards the "Great Unknown," and prolific author of *Waverly*; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, once the inspired charity-boy, now the wonderful conversationist, and the admired critic, poet, philosopher, and divine; Charles Lamb, the gentle essayist of the East India House; Thomas Arnold, the schoolmaster of Rugby, the historian, critic, and Christian; Robert Southey, most voluminous of them all, the poet of the lakes, the companion of Wordsworth



and Coleridge; Sidney Smith, the droll, good humored, and witty political and social satirist; William Wordsworth, the enthusiastic lover of nature, and the diligent poetical reformer; Thomas Moore, the oriental story-teller, and gay man of society; while in a prominent place we see the great orator of the occident, the child of Phillips Academy, the honored son of Dartmouth, the pride of his country, and the respected guest even here, Daniel Webster.

This name brings us back to our own country. While the galaxy of poets were shining in England, what do we see in America? It was during what we have called the Revolutionary period, from 1775-1830, and truly a contrast of the two countries shows a connection between historical events and literary development.

At the beginning of the period a spirited discussion of grand political principles was in progress, and James Otis, Josiah Quincy, Alexander Hamilton, Fisher Ames, and James Madison were earnest actors in the scene. Theological discussions were going on, led by men with Bibles before them, and holding a pen in one hand and a musket in the other. Of these were Joseph Bellamy, on the mountains of Connecticut; Samuel Hopkins, in the valley of the Housatonic; and Timothy Dwight, in the classic halls of Yale. In the productions of these, and of others in America, a greater cultivation and increased capacity are manifest, as compared with the writings of the Colonial period. It was a time of transition, not of formed character. More culture and greater age was required in the country before a native literature could be developed.

ARTHUR GILMAN.

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A LITTLE school girl, up in Massachusetts, asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterwards the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bud of promise" belonged, "What is a zone?" After some hesitation this little girl brightened up and said, "I know; it is a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."



NOTES ON THE SCIENCE AND ART  
OF TEACHING.

## PART SECOND.

**N**ATURAL ORDER OF STUDY.—The subjects embraced in the programme of studies should always follow each other in natural and logical order. The primary, or elementary subjects, should invariably be presented first, and the elements of each acquired and thoroughly understood by the pupil, before the teacher can judiciously proceed to inculcate the higher truths. Spelling and reading, definitions of things, first ideas of numbers, with simple exercises in mental arithmetic, writing, dictation, geography, history, composition, grammar, correspondence, social science, natural philosophy, etc., should be introduced and taught in accordance with these principles; the lessons, in each instance, being suited to the mental capacity of the pupils. *Natural and logical order* should be a motto with every teacher and student; otherwise success, if possible, will, at all events, be doubtful. It has been well said that order and regularity "diminish labor, and proportionately increase the profits of business." Pupils desirous of acquiring any branch of knowledge, no matter what branch it be, should be led to regard it, not only in an abstract, but also in an applicate sense, and *vice versa*. In the acquisition, for instance, of geometry, arithmetic, geography, natural science, or any other branch of knowledge, *they should study the subject*, and regard books relating thereto as mere tools or means for that purpose. Many pupils (with the concurrence or connivance of their teachers) study the author more than they study the subject, implicitly adopting his views without exercising the least thought or reflection; forgetful of the fact that the human mind should never be a mere *passive* recipient. It should be the great and constant aim of the teacher to incite reflection, and make mind an *active* agent. Mind, in a passive state (if it can acquire useful knowledge at all), is little better than a sponge absorbing water; whereas an active, reflective, reasoning mind, grows in knowledge and power as it grows in age, and day by day approaches nearer to its divine origin—the ever

active Creator Himself, of whom it is the noblest emanation.

*How to Study Aright.*—It not unfrequently happens that pupils, in their pursuit of knowledge, and from ignorance of "how to study aright," lose much valuable time, and undergo considerable unnecessary trouble, which might be saved to them by a few judicious words or questions from the teacher. Every teacher should occasionally inform his pupils *how to study*. Calling their attention to some particular subject, or part of a subject, he should explain to them how he himself would study it, were he in their position; how he would analyze and combine the respective assertions or statements, and revolve the whole matter in his mind as in a kaleidoscope, seizing on the leading ideas, or "landmarks," as they presented themselves to his mental vision; how, by means of the faculties of reflection and judgment, he would arrange these ideas in natural and logical order, and then store them up for future use in the treasury of his understanding. By these means he will lead his pupils to study in a philosophical manner, and much valuable time will be saved to them which would otherwise be lost or wasted to no purpose. If a pupil, having a thirst for knowledge, knows how to study aright, and has a clear knowledge of what he should study, he is sure to become a learned man. One book studied well, and "digested" after the manner indicated, will be of more real abiding service to him, than would a hundred studied cursorily and without order, reflection or purpose. Quality will always tell against quantity. In fact, the manner and quality of study are far more important, as a mental exercise, than the matter and quantity—far more essential to the right development of the faculties, and the efficient cultivation of literary taste.

*Pupils to be Led to do Everything for Themselves.*—A skillful teacher will never decline to lend a helping hand to his pupils when such assistance *is necessary*; but he should carefully avoid doing too much for them. Inexperienced teachers are often induced to give *unnecessary* assistance to the pupil, from feelings of mistaken kindness, or from ignorance of the child's mental capacity. Milk is fit food for babes, and beef for adults. The former are fed with a spoon, but who would

dare to offer such infantile civilities to the latter? What man, enjoying the use of his hands, would patiently and thankfully accept such unnecessary and ill-adapted kindness? None. So with the teacher and the taught. There should be no unnecessary nursing—no literary dangling—in the public school or private study. Pupils should be led to exercise their own faculties—taught to depend on their own mental resources; and, as a rule, the teacher should never do anything for them that they could do for themselves without his assistance. By fostering and increasing their self reliance, and by judiciously leading them to encounter and overcome difficulties, by the right use of their own faculties, the teacher will have the satisfaction of seeing his pupils grow up to be true men and women—sturdy trees, “defying the battle and the breeze” of life—each of them being a living testimonial to his personal and professional worth.

*Moral Incentives to Studious Habits.*—The earnest desire to be useful, and to do what is right, are the most praiseworthy principles of human character, the noblest incentives to human action. They are the offspring of the conscience, and, as such, the most worthy preceptors of conduct. These, with the anxious desire of advancement, and earnest love of acquisition, are the fundamental elements on which the faithful teacher must repose his efforts, whilst exciting and inculcating studious habits. *Emulation*, or the earnest desire to advance in one's studies, to improve our present condition, to excel others without entertaining the desire to depress them, is perhaps one of the most commendable aspirations which can incite or influence the human heart. Progress is written on our nature; *onward and upward* should be our motto individually, as it is of Nature in general. Wholesome emulation, when judiciously employed, will seldom fail to develope this progress in youth. It tends to make boys more than they are, or what they are not, and in a certain sense enables them to surpass themselves. The desire to excel is, therefore, one of the noblest aspirations which can fire the human heart. *Curiosity* is no small incentive to study. The “propensity in children to do mischief” is, in reality, a wholesome curiosity, an intense desire to acquire information. The heavenly delights experienced in acquir-

ing useful and interesting information, varies in proportion to the age and mental capacity of the student; but in all cases the pleasure of acquisition far exceeds the labor. We may feel assured that a baby experiences more pleasure in studying "the philosophy of an old drum," out of which it has just knocked the bottom, or in contemplating the fragments of a china cup which it has just broken, than a miser would experience on discovering a gold mine. In "destroying things" the child seeks to gratify its curiosity—to gain information; and if in after years the educator can sufficiently arouse and skillfully guide this propensity in his pupils, thenceforth their minds will neither slumber nor sleep, and learning will be a pleasure to the teacher and the taught.

*The Love of Approbation*, though usually considered one of the "selfish propensities," when judiciously used is a very powerful incentive. This principle, highly commendable so long as it excites the pupil to desire the admiration of the good, the pious, and the learned—so long as it incites him to seek the approval of parents, teachers, and other friends—is one against which many objections may be advanced. Nevertheless, we feel persuaded that a skillful teacher will seldom appeal to it in vain. Many cases occur in which the teacher will succeed in winning the pupil to the side of order and diligent, earnest study, by a judicious appeal to this incentive, when he would have failed by appealing to other motives. In addition to the moral incentives there are others, more popular perhaps, and more tangible if less honorable,—such as prizes and rewards—incentives which experience proves to be equally effective.

*Prizes and Rewards as Incentives.*—For many years it has been a matter of debate with the greatest minds of the age whether, under all the phases of the case, it is advisable and commendable to offer prizes for competition in schools; and whether the incentive to study thus produced does not more than counterbalance the envy and jealousy said to be engendered thereby. We are quite prepared to admit the strength of the arguments against prizes, as awarded under the old system—a system which ignored intrinsic worth, good conduct, diligence, punctuality, etc.—whilst regarding talent

or successful recitation, alone, as worthy of "the crown." Under the old system it was exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to do justice to the several competitors. The examiners, or judges, often found it difficult to state the names of those entitled to prizes, because, as men are not and never will be of one mind, the pupil who would be considered best by one judge, would be regarded as only second by another judge, and *vice versa*. Then, again, the facilities of the competitors in preparing their lessons, or in acquiring knowledge, are subject to much variation. The facilities of some may be sufficient, whilst those of their conferees are totally inadequate. The former may have the assistance of kind parents, or intelligent friends, and not labor under the necessity of attending to extraneous matters after school hours, whereas the latter may be devoid of these advantages. Then, again, nature may have given some pupils parts superior to those of others who are far more industrious; so that what the former learned in a few hours, may have cost their "antagonists" as many days, or weeks, of persevering toil. If the motives and labor of the latter be taken into account, the former must yield them the palm of merit; for surely the *motive* and *effort* are the measure of the virtue and value of every action. The "old principle" on which prizes were awarded tended to excite emulation amongst a very limited number, whilst the remainder, in many cases, professed "total indifference," feeling that persevering toil for a season would bring them no immediate reward. Prizes are, doubtless, the most powerful and best of all incentives when the competitors are of the same degree of mental standing—where the facilities of acquisition are similar, and a right system of awards adopted. But when the prize is the measure of success, not of effort—of good luck, not of intrinsic worth—and when the competitors are not equals in capacity, and the rivalry engendered is confined to "a few," then the prize incentive will be a failure; and such it really was under the old system.

Under the new system medals and prizes, or rewards, are offered for, (1) good conduct; (2) diligence, and (3) regular attendance, as well as for (4) efficiency in the various branches of knowledge; and they are so numerous that every industrious, well conducted pupil is sure to receive a

prize in one or more of the four departments above mentioned. Every pupil feels that if he deserves a memento of his benefactor's regard, his teacher's love, or his own persevering efforts to be "good and great," he will be sure to receive it. Each will exclaim to himself, "If I fail in talent, I shall obtain a prize for diligence; and if I fail in talent and diligence, I am sure to acquire it for regular attendance or good conduct." Under the new system the individual merits of all are recognized—the larger fish cannot appropriate all the pearls, nor will the smaller fry be indifferent to the goal set before them. [Trustees and teachers of schools should remember that prizes for proficiency, like those in other departments, should be numerous in proportion to the number of pupils in each class. Prizes should be offered for proficiency in each individual subject, and also for proficiency in the whole programme of studies. No pupil should be awarded the latter unless he had obtained a "good conduct" prize; but every pupil on the register should be allowed to compete for the prizes in individual subjects.

Under the new system teachers must keep a daily register of the scholarship and deportment of their pupils. On the strength of the reports in this register, prizes, or medals, are awarded at the close of each session. This nullifies any suspicion of foul play or favoritism. The keeping of such a register would occupy considerable time, and impose much additional labor on teachers generally, and for this reason it is more suitable for a small collegiate class than for a public school. A substitute for such a register, entitled "*Aids to School Discipline*," has been published. These "*Aids*" are in general use in the northern States, and have been reprinted in Canada. It may be truly said of the '*Aids*,' that "they secure the good results of accurate records and reports with little expense of time, . . . and awaken a lively paternal interest, for the pupil takes home with him *the witnesses of his daily conduct and progress*." We may add that they consist of merits, cards, checks, and certificates; and the pupils of schools in which they are used, are awarded prizes at the respective examinations, in accordance with the value of their merits for the preceding school session.

G. V. LE VAUX.



*ELOCUTION.*

## PART TWO.

A TEACHER may point out to me a boy, and say, "here is a boy whose selections for the stage are always appropriate, his attitude and gestures graceful, his voice strong and musical, his articulation clear and distinct; he is the best speaker in my school, and bids fair to become a distinguished orator; yet he has never received the least instruction, advice, or assistance in elocution, but is left to choose his own pieces, and to prepare himself, unaided, for the stage. How do you reply to this?" I would reply by pointing out a boy in my own school and saying, "here is a boy without the first natural qualification for a successful public speaker, and is as utterly devoid of any ambition to become one as he is destitute of ability. His position upon the stage was outlandish; his gestures, whenever he could be induced to make any, were ill-timed, awkward, and inappropriate; his lungs weak, and articulation bad; yet, by continual exercise in lung gymnastics, I have strengthened his voice and lungs, and rendered his tones clear; with patient teaching, by precept and example, and persistent drill, I have so far corrected his natural awkwardness and diffidence, that his position is now comparatively graceful and easy; I have taught him to make his gestures much more timely and appropriate; by a systematic vocal training I have rendered his enunciation clearer and more distinct; by constant practice I have, in a measure, overcome his timidity, and made him feel more at ease and unrestrained in the presence of an audience; in short, by a thorough course of elocutionary instruction, persistently followed up, I have so far benefited and improved him, that whenever he is called upon in after life to speak in public, he will do so with comparative success—with credit to himself and to his teacher."

You had better consider that the pupils placed under your care are, as a general thing, common mortals, who need to be taught, disciplined, and advised, that they may become worthy members of society. Your genuine genius, Mr. Teacher, who possesses the real "Promethean spark," who



scorns all instruction or advice, rejects all the results of experience, and soars off into the realms of originality and becomes an intellectual Midas, is a rare bird, very rare; indeed, about as rare as the new born babe who rejects with contempt the proffered breast of its mother, and soars off into existence, relying upon his own resources for nourishment. In the list of great orators the brightest name is that of Demosthenes. Did he become the golden-tongued orator because "it was born in him," and he "could not help it?" On the contrary, is not every schoolboy familiar with the story of his heroic efforts, and incessant toil, to qualify himself for a public speaker; of his extraordinary expedients, and unwearied endeavors in overcoming the many natural impediments with which he was afflicted? A man who only possesses persistence in a high degree often gets dubbed a genius at last. If we inquire into the condition of elocutionary culture contemporary with the early education of Demosthenes, we shall find that the schools of Athens furnished *three* distinct classes of instructors for the voice: one to superintend practice in *pitch*; another to conduct exercises in *force*; and a third to regulate vocal *melody* and *inflection*.

A good, strong, clear voice, owing to our prevalent deficiency in education, is a thing so rare that we are apt to regard it as an original endowment of the constitution; a grace not lying within the scope of acquisition; a charm, the absence of which, like that of personal beauty, implies no fault. That this idea is not entirely correct, all who have had the advantage of vocal drill and culture will testify. Mr. Murdock, the actor and elocutionist, tells us that by an appropriate vocal training, he gained, within the space of some months, to such an extent in power and depth of voice, as to add to its previous range a whole octave. Whitfield made a naturally weak voice wonderful for strength and volume, by persistent vocal drill. Dr. Franklin found by computation upon a certain occasion, that he (Whitfield) might be well heard by over thirty thousand auditors. Practice gave to the utterance of Garrick so extraordinary an energy, that even his under key was distinctly audible to ten thousand people. Strength of voice is of paramount importance to the speaker, and it is an element which is very susceptible

of cultivation. Professor Russell says: "It is a fact familiar to instructors in elocution, that persons commencing practice (in vocal gymnastics) with a very weak and inadequate voice, attain in a few weeks a perfect command of the utmost degrees of force."

It is well known that there is a wide difference of opinion, among elocutionists, as to the extent speakers and readers should be governed by fixed and special rules. Some hold that, in the delivery of every sentence, the application of emphasis, pause, pitch, and inflection, etc., should be regulated by fixed rules. In accordance with this theory they have formed, for the guidance of pupils, complex and elaborate systems of elocutionary rules. Others, on the other hand, regard all specific rules for the management of the voice in speaking, as not only useless, but positively injurious. Whately is the leader of this class. He advocates what he calls the *natural manner* of speaking, for the attainment of which he prescribes the rule, "not only to pay no attention to the voice, but studiously to *withdraw* the thoughts from it." I agree with Philbrick, that the true course lies midway between these extremes. "Because Walker fell into the error of attempting to carry his principles too far, and perplexed the student with endless lists of rules, it does not follow that *all* rules should be disregarded." The best example of the middle course is Prof. Mark Bailey's essay introductory to Hillard's Sixth Reader, and I would recommend it to teachers before any other work on elocution with which I am acquainted; while for a manual of lung gymnastics, and vocal drill and discipline, I would recommend the works of Drs. Rush and Porter and Profs. Russell, Murdock, and Monroe, and for the laws of gesture, Austin's Chironomia. Whately is evidently in error in wholly proscribing attention to the voice in speaking. Philbrick says that in *learning* to dance a pupil must pay attention to the motions of his limbs; but when practice has made the movements familiar, his mind is withdrawn from them. They then become *natural*. So with the student of elocution. In his disciplinary exercises *he must attend to his voice*. But when he comes to practical delivery, he should withdraw his mind from the *manner* of utterance, and concentrate it

intensely upon the *matter*—the thoughts and feelings to be expressed.

In the department of gesture the instruction should be mostly of a *negative* nature, and occupy itself mainly with correcting faults. Among these faults will be found, 1st, want of action; 2d, want of expression of countenance; 3d, a stiff or careless attitude; 4th, want of appropriateness; 5th, excess of motion; 6th, too great violence of action; 7th, too great complexity; 8th, a mechanical uniformity; 9th, tardiness, the action *following* the utterance which it should accompany, or slightly precede. The piece should be accurately committed to memory, without the variation of a syllable, so that in delivery no effort will be required to recall it. The pupil must have time to practice by himself, and as one author expresses it, "It must be impressed upon his mind that he must *practice, practice, practice*. He must be made to understand that the repetition of a piece three or four times is no adequate preparation, and that he must go over with it twenty, thirty, or *fifty* times, if he would excel." Above all, let it be remembered that the perfection of declamation consists in delivering the piece as though it were *real speaking*, the speaker putting himself in imagination so completely into the situation of him he personates, as to express himself exactly as such a person would have done in the supposed situation.

Elocutionary training, in a hygienic point of view, is of great importance. "Few," says a writer upon this subject, "are aware how much may be effected by these exercises, judiciously practiced, in those constitutions where the chest is narrow, indicating a tendency to pulmonary disease." The want of this kind of training is the cause of much of the bronchial disease with which clergymen, and other public speakers, are afflicted. The following exercises are prescribed and explained in Murdock and Russell's work on elocution: "attitude of the body, and position of the organs, deep breathing, diffusive or tranquil breathing, expulsive or forcible breathing, explosive or abrupt breathing, sighing, sobbing, gasping, and panting." I have had boys in my school who, by one term's drill in vocal gymnastics, have had the time that they were able to produce an audible

sound by the gradual expulsion of their breath, increased from thirty seconds to over a minute, and the volume and force of their voices more than doubled.

I make the following quotation from Murdock and Russell: "Gymnastic and calisthenic exercises are invaluable aids to the culture and development of the voice. Even a slight degree of exercise, adapted to the expansion of the chest, and to the freedom and force of the circulation, will serve to impart energy and glow to the muscular apparatus of the voice, and clearness to its sound." But my purpose is not to elaborate a system of elocution for the use of teachers (any teacher will find all the directions he needs in the works I have named), it is merely to draw their attention to the sad, I could almost say criminal, neglect of this important branch of education, that by giving to it and School Gymnastics their proper place in our educational scheme, we may make provision for the acquiring of that moral and intellectual power, and that expressive force, which result from the blending of a high toned physical and mental training.

DON OLAND.

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THE French, just now, filled with not unnatural rage and excitement, are talking rather wildly about the Germans as "barbarians." But here is what one of the most profound thinkers and most acute observers of France, M. Taine, said of the Germans just before the war broke out: "The Germanic people of the present day, and throughout history, are, primarily, the great laborers of the world; in matters of intellect, none equal them; in erudition, in philosophy—in the most crabbed linguistic studies, in voluminous editions, dictionaries, and other compilations, in researches of the laboratory, in all science—in short, whatever stern and hard, but necessary and preparatory work there is to be done, that is their province; patiently, and with most commendable self-sacrifice, they hew out every stone that enters into the edifice of modern times."

## GUTZKOW'S EDUCATIONAL NOVEL.

THE section of Gutzkow's educational novel, "The Sons of Pestalozzi," published in the present number, brings the narrative up to the moment that the hero of the romance, a second Casper Hauser, appears on the scene. The preceding chapters are merely introductory, engaging our interest in the *dramatis personæ*, in the localities, and in the plot itself.

Our author, by treating the educational question as the main subject in a work of fiction, has solved a peculiar æsthetic problem. The former attempts which have been made to combine the subject of education with the romantic interest of a novel, have not generally been successful. The English literature, indeed, exhibits no serious attempt in that direction. But German and French writers have repeatedly treated educational subjects in the form of novels. Rousseau's *Emil*, Goethe's *Wanderjahre*, Pestalozzi's *Lienhard* and *Gertrude*, two or three novels of *Jéan Paul*, and several of other distinguished authors, have obtained a just celebrity. But these works can hardly be ranked among the works of fiction. They are essays to which the mere form of the novel is given, the action being generally wanting in dramatic life, and showing often, too plainly, a mere frame for educational theories. This is very different in Gutzkow's novel, in which both the plot and its development are of genuine dramatic power, being so thoroughly interwoven with the didactic parts, that the one could not be separated from the other without destroying the whole. We may truly say that the real hero of this novel is "Education," the author having attached to it an interest similar to that which we feel for the persons of a drama. It is true that in the introductory chapters the subject of education is only incidentally introduced, as a theme of conversation, and without any necessary connection with the plot. But these educational discussions, or digressions, are merely intended to give the proper tone to the mind of the reader, and to make him acquainted with the educational opinions of the acting persons, who, in the later stages of the narrative,

will appear as the principal actors in the educational drama.

Another feature, not less striking, by which Gutzkow's work is distinguished from those mentioned is, the idealistic character of the latter, while Gutzkow's novel is based altogether on reality. Rousseau, Goethe, Jean Paul, and Pestalozzi had each of them devised peculiar educational theories. Only that of Pestalozzi has been subjected to the test of practice; those of the three others, whatever may be their merits, from a poetical and æsthetic stand-point, are mere creations of their imaginations, belonging to an ideal world, different from ours. As soon as introduced in practice they must necessarily be destroyed by the remorseless logic of facts. But Pestalozzi's system has at least lived, and has still its adherents. His novel, *Lienhard and Gertrude*, represents his system in its actual workings; but it is only *his* system, and his world is not the real world in which we live. Gutzkow's novel, on the contrary, rests, from the beginning to the end, on reality, representing the existing world with all its lights and shadows. Nor is it confined to one system, but elucidates all of them. Describing the grapple of the German mind with the educational question, it makes us acquainted with the very laws and regulations passed in Germany, especially in Prussia, on school matters in all their aspects. It introduces us into the recitation rooms of the schools, as well as in the quiet study of the law giver; to the homes of the teachers, as well as to the sporting grounds and the studying "cells" of the pupils. It should hardly seem possible to infuse into these dry and matter-of-fact subjects the breath of life, poetry, and romance; and whoever undertakes this task must be of unusual poetical talent. The author has, indeed, completely conquered this difficulty, and furnished a new proof that his great popularity is eminently deserved.

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THE microscope reveals the fact that a speck of potato rot the size of a pin head contains two hundred ferocious little animals, biting and clawing each other savagely.



*EDUCATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.*

THE SUMMER EDUCATIONAL MEETINGS promise to be of unusual interest. The officers are making extensive preparations, and we hope the attendance will be good.

NEW YORK STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—TWENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.—The annual meeting of this Association will be held in the city of Lockport, (place of session, Arcade Hall,) on the 25th, 26th, and 27th days of July.

The officers are arranging the programme; and exercises of more than usual interest and variety are promised.

Evening lectures will be delivered by Jno. W. Armstrong, D.D., Prest. Fredonia Normal School, on "The Glacial Epoch," and by D. R. Ford, A.M., Prof. of Math. and Chem., Elmira Fem. Coll. Dr. Alden, of the State Normal School, Albany, has promised an address, on the "True Spirit of the Teacher's work." Other papers, reports, and addresses may be expected as follows: "Teaching of Language," by C. M. Hutchins, A.M., Palmyra; "Methods of Education," by Wm. C. Bowen, A.M., Skaneateles; "School Economy," by J. W. Barker, A.M., Buffalo; "Teaching of the Franco-German War on Education," by J. W. Bulkley, Brooklyn; "The Successful Teacher," by M. M. Baldwin, A.M., Principal Groton Acad.; "How to use the Body," by Prof. J. C. Moses, Dundee; "The Monitorial System in the English Schools," by Alonzo Flack, A.M., Claverack; "The Use of Text-Books," by Walter A. Brownell, A.M., Fairfield; "Preservative Effects of Education," by Prof. T. B. Stowell, A.M., Cortland; "Educational Tests," by O. Morehouse, A.M., Albion; "Physical Science in Elementary Instruction," by Henry A. Balcom, A.M., Corning; "What shall I Study?" by N. T. Clarke, Ph. D., Canandaigua; "The Bible, a book to be taught in School," by J. Tenney, Owego; "Compulsory Education," by S. G. Love, Jamestown; "Grammar," by C. S. Halsey, A.M., Canandaigua; "The Study of Natural History in Common Schools," by J. H. French, LL.D., Vermont; "Mood Language," by D. H. Cruttenden, A.M., New York; "Hints in Teaching," by Miss Flora G. Parsons, Rochester; "The Education of the Perceptive Faculties," by S. A. Lattimore, A.M., Roches-

ter; "Arithmetical Generalization," by A. J. Robb, A.M., Waterford; "Duties of Citizens to the State should be made a Special Study in Schools," by W. S. Smyth, A.M., Oneida. A poem, "Woman's Rights," will be read by Miss R. E. Cleveland, Muncy, Pa.

In addition to the papers above named, will also be presented the Annual Address of the President, Prof. J. Dorman Steele, Ph. D., Elmira, and the reports of the Standing Committees: On Condition of Education, by Deputy Supt. Edward Danforth, Ch'n.; and on Improved methods, by Jas. H. Hoose, A.M., Prest. Cortland Normal School.

Opportunity will be afforded for the discussion of the subjects presented in the papers and reports.

The evening entertainments will be enlivened by select readings. Mr. O. H. Fethers, of the *Educational Review*, St. Louis, and Mr. W. M. Jelliffe, Brooklyn.

Music will be furnished under the direction of the local committee.

The head-quarters will be at the Judson House.

The exercises will open on Tuesday, the 25th, at 2 P. M., precisely.

Ladies will be entertained by the citizens. Hotels will make a reduction on their usual prices.

Arrangements will be made, as far as possible, for reduced fare on the railroads.

For circulars and other particulars, address J. Dorman Steele, Prest., Elmira; James Cruikshank, Cor. Sec., Brooklyn, or James Atwater, Esq., Lockport.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CONVENTIONS will be at St. Louis, August 22d, 23d, and 24th. An incomplete programme has been issued. The exercises will occur about as follows:

TUESDAY, August 22d.—10 A.M., Meeting of General Association for organization. Brief Addresses. Appointment of Committees. 11 A.M., Meeting of Sections for Organization.—I. *Department of Higher Education*. Programme not yet arranged. II. *Normal Section*. 2½ P.M., Paper by R. Edwards, on "Model Schools in connection with Normal Schools." Discussion of the same, by Miss Anna C. Brackett, Prin. St. Louis Normal School; J. H. Hoose, Prin. State Normal School, Cortland, N. Y.; and Wm. F. Phelps, Prin. State Normal School, Winona, Minn. III. *Superintendents' Section*. Programme not com-

plete. IV. *Elementary Section*. 2½ P.M., "Methods of teaching Reading:" Hon. E. E. White, of Ohio. Discussion of same. 4 P.M., "Method of teaching Language:" Prof. D. H. Cruttenden, New York. 8 P.M., Address: probably by Hon. W. H. Ruffner, of Virginia.

WEDNESDAY, August 23d.—I. *Department of Higher Education*. II. *Normal Section*. 9 A.M., Paper by Charles H. Verrill, Prin. State Normal School, Mansfield, Pa., on "A Graded System of Normal Schools." Discussion, by Geo. M. Gage, Prin. State Normal School, Winona, Minn., and others. III. *Superintendents' Section*. IV. *Elementary Section*. 9 A.M., "Methods of teaching Drawing:" Henry C. Harden, of Mass. Discussion of same. 10½ A.M., "Philosophy of Methods:" John W. Armstrong, D.D., N. Y. GENERAL ASSOCIATION.—2½ P.M., Discussion—"How far may the State provide for the Education of her children at public cost?"—Hon. N. Bateman, of Illinois; H. F. Harrington, Esq., of Mass.; W. T. Harris, Esq., of Missouri; W. W. Folwell of Minnesota. 5 P.M., Miscellaneous Business. 8 P.M., Address by Hon. B. G. Northrop, of Ct.; subject: "A Compulsory National System of Education impracticable and Un-American." 8.45 P.M., Discussion of same.

THURSDAY, Aug. 24th.—I. *Department of Higher Education*. II. *Normal Section*. 9 A.M., Paper by J. W. Armstrong, D.D., Prin. State Normal School, Fredonia, N. Y., on "Principles and Methods, their character, place, and limitation, in a Normal Course." Discussion, by M. A. Newell, Prin. State Normal School, Baltimore, Md.; W. A. Jones, Prin. State Normal School, Terre Haute, Indiana, and others. III. *Superintendents' Section*. IV. *Elementary Section*. 9 A.M., "Methods of Teaching Geography:" Mary Howe Smith, of N. Y. Discussion of same. 10.30 A.M., Discussion—"What constitutes a good Primary Teacher?" 11.30 A.M., Miscellaneous business and election of officers. 2.30 P.M., Paper by A. J. Rickoff, Esq., of Ohio: Subject—"Place and Uses of Text-Books." 3 P.M., Paper by Thomas Davidson, Esq., of Mo.: Subject—"Pedagogical Bibliography—its possessions and its wants." 3.30 P.M., Paper by Alfred Kirk, Esq., of Illinois: Subject—"What Moral uses may the Recitation subserve?" 4 P.M., Discussion of Mr. Rickoff's paper. 5 P.M., Election of officers and other business. 8 P.M., Address: Thomas Hill, D.D., of Waltham, Mass.

All the hotels of St. Louis have very generously reduced their rates to delegates attending the convention. Railroads and steamboats have, in most cases, reduced their fares. Full particulars may be obtained from the gentlemen, who constitute the Executive Committee: J. L. Pickard, Prest. Nat. Ed. Ass'n; Eli T. Tappan, Cor. Sec. College Section; W. D. Henkle, Prest. Sup'ts' Section; S. H. White, Prest. Normal Section; E. A. Sheldon, Prest. Elementary Section; W. T. Harris, Prest. Local Committee.

THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION will hold its

third Annual Session at New Haven, Conn., commencing July 25, at 3 P. M. The annual address will be delivered by the President of the Association, Chancellor Howard Crosby, on Tuesday evening.

ALABAMA.—The following is a summary of Montgomery City Public School reports for the month of March, 1871. The expenses have all been paid: Number of pupils in white schools, two hundred and eight; number in colored schools, three hundred and ninety; total number attending during the month, five hundred and ninety-eight. *Monthly expense*: white schools, \$360.00; colored schools, \$355.30; total, \$615.30.

MISSISSIPPI.—Ex-Senator Hiram R. Revels has been elected President of Alcorn University, at Jackson, Miss. Mr. Revels was nominated by Gov. Alcorn, and the election was an unanimous one. The remaining officers and members of the University Board are gentlemen who will do no discredit to their positions.

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#### CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

ANYTHING from the pen of the author of "Ecce Homo" is pretty sure to be worthy of attention. He is not only a thinker, but has the rare power of being able to put his reader in full possession of his views. His clear, crisp, transparent style is the fitting vehicle for his clear, definite, sagacious thought. Of the essays in the volume named below,<sup>1</sup> we wish to call especial attention to that on "English in Schools." It is the worthier of regard, as coming from one whose classical training has been thorough and extensive. When he emphasizes and pleads for the systematic study of his mother tongue, therefore, we may be sure it is not because of utter ignorance of Latin and Greek and whatever else is to be reckoned as consti-

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<sup>1</sup> ROMAN IMPERIALISM, and other Lectures and Essays. By J. R. Seeley, M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

tuting the *literæ humaniores*. We could wish those instructors who insist so vehemently that all boys and girls should get a smattering of Latin for the sake of the "discipline" and the "knowledge of English Grammar" thereby imparted—and they are not seldom those who have but a smattering themselves—could read, mark and inwardly digest, and afterward put in practice, the views announced in this paper of Professor Seeley's. But our purpose is simply to call attention to the essay, not to give an abstract of it. The paper on Liberal Education in universities is specially calculated for the latitude of the English Cambridge, but is not without important suggestions for the heads of American colleges. The two essays on Milton's Political Opinions and Poetry are singularly fresh and enjoyable. Such racy, original, convincing criticism does not appear every month. Then there is a lecture on the Philosophy of Art, another on the Teaching of Politics, and another on the Church as a Teacher of Morality. This last we particularly commend to the consideration of those churches and clergymen who have a holy horror of "politics" in the pulpit.

Professor Seeley believes that "very little, if any, knowledge of English is conveyed in the learning of a *little* Latin and Greek." In learning the vernacular, too, he would "dismiss altogether the misleading analogy of Latin, and consider simply the end we have in view." He advises us to "begin with what is most attractive to young boys, such as Macauley's Lays, Kingsley's Heroes, Scott's Poems, and Tales of a Grandfather," putting the older poets and the philosophical writers at the end of the course. All this is very judicious counsel. It is wise to consider the language as it is, before we investigate it as it was; to make some solid acquaintance with the present living speech before looking after that of our ancestors. This is the dictate of utility, as well as of the accepted maxim that we should proceed from the known to the unknown. Besides, whatever reasons are assignable for beginning with the earliest English, and thence coming down to the language of to-day, would seem to be over-balanced by the consideration that the majority of pupils would be unable, for lack of time, to

complete such a course, and so would have to leave school ignorant of what they need most to know. If the first two years of the high-school course were occupied in part with such study of literature and language as Prof. S. recommends, the third year might well be given to the careful reading of two or three plays of Shakespeare, with some of the choice minor poems of Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson, and selections from the great prose writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, such as Moore, Hooker, Bacon, and Sir Thomas Browne; and the fourth year to a consideration of the history of the language, not omitting a careful examination of a few specimens of the older English. We agree with Prof. S. in desiring "to see Chaucer and Piers Plowman read occasionally in the highest class." And we would insist on college classes getting some knowledge of these early lights of English literature, even if it took the time which else would be devoted to a comedy of Aristophanes.

In the *Monthly*, for February, we spoke of the helps with which Hudson and Craik have accompanied their school editions of certain of Shakespeare's plays. We have since examined the "Select Plays" of the Clarendon Press Series,<sup>2</sup> edited and copiously annotated by Messrs. Clark and Wright, the well-known editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare. The fullness of the introductions and notes, as well as the compactness and cheapness of the volumes, commend them to the notice of teachers. Rolfe's edition of the Merchant of Venice,<sup>3</sup> however, is still better suited to its purpose than that of the Cambridge editors. Mechanically, it is a gem of a book, while the notes and other apparatus are what one would expect from the man who gave us so satisfactory an edition of Craik's *English Shakespeare*. Its references to Craik materially enhance its value for use in the class-room. We could wish the lines and

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<sup>2</sup> SHAKESPEARE. SELECT PLAYS.—I. The Merchant of Venice. II. Richard the Second. III. Macbeth. Edited by W. G. Clark, M.A., and W. Aldis Wright, M.A. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

<sup>3</sup> SHAKESPEARE'S Comedy of the Merchant of Venice. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. With engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1871.



notes had been numbered for convenience of reference, as in the other editions named.

THOSE who have made the acquaintance of Morris' *Specimens of Early English*, will need no certificate of ours that his selections from the *Canterbury Tales*<sup>4</sup> are thoroughly edited. The text can be depended on as a faithful transcript, with corrections of clerical errors, from a good manuscript; the grammatical introduction, though brief, is sufficient; the notes and glossary are the work of one of the most accomplished of scholars in this special branch. We have hope that some of our best teachers will make the attempt to bring their more mature pupils to an appreciation of, and delight in, this natural, hearty, joyous old poet. It seems no difficult task at the worst, and Mr. Morris has done much toward making it easy. To master the dialect of *Piers the Plowman* will require a little more time and effort, yet a few lessons—a fourth part of the time usually given to the first book of the *Æneid*—will solve most of the difficulties, and bring the pupil in healthful contact with a mind of singular energy. The edition named below<sup>5</sup> contains the first seven *passus*, with introduction, notes and glossary. Mr. Skeat adopts the system of large lines instead of the broken arrangement followed by Wright, and in many other respects has improved upon the editing of his predecessors. The Chaucer and *Piers Plowman* are cheap, costing but a dollar each, and should find their way into the hands of all who give instruction in the English Language and Literature. If Prof. Corson's admirable edition of the *Legends of Good Women* and a selection from *Sober's Reprints* are added to them, so much the better. Not many years ago it was no easy matter, save for those of abundant means, to make direct and useful acquaintance with the sources of our English speech. To-day, however, the helps are so numerous and so easily procured, as to take away all excuse for neglect.

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<sup>4</sup> CHAUCER. The Prologue, The Knight's Tale, The Nonne Prestes Tale. From the *Canterbury Tales*. A Revised Text. Edited by R. Morris. Second edition. Oxford and New York: Macmillan & Co.

<sup>5</sup> THE VISION OF WILLIAM concerning *Piers the Plowman*, by William Langland. Edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. Oxford and New York: Macmillan & Co.

SMITH'S HAND-BOOK OF ETYMOLOGY.—In A. S. Barnes & Co's. *Educational Bulletin* (for May, 1871, page 7), there is a feeble attempt to defend Smith's Etymology from the effects of a notice in the *Independent*, the defense being in fact worthy of the book. If the *Independent* differs "as to the real source of many of the words," we are told that, "As this is a question of authorities, it admits of no discussion." Mr. Smith is an authority whose opinion is not to be controverted, because his "researches have been wide (?) and careful, (?) and we believe (?) he has been in an unusual degree successful and accurate." *We*, on the other hand, have shown that his book is one of the least reliable before the public—a piece of pretentious ignorance, in which for example, "Gaelic" is paraded on the title-page, and before which the author succumbs at the letter D in his alphabetical order, not even filling a single page, and after explaining CRAG, giving CRAGGY also, but omitting CARRAGEEN from his "complete" work. The "Italian" department is equally meagre, being limited to *four* roots in B, then nothing, until we get to R with one *root*, and S with *four* roots, then nothing again to the end.

The *Educational Bulletin* says: "It is much easier to condemn after superficial investigation than to compile such a book as this." This we grant. A superficial view of such a book is sufficient, and it would be difficult to "compile" such material without access to Mr. Smith's brain, where the etymological imps must have a merry time. If the book were a good compilation we would not object, but unfortunately Mr. Smith has gone to Smith instead of to Diefenbach for his "Gothic," and he has not even consulted himself for the Gaelic after the letter D, and Italian after B.

"As the case now stands, Smith's is *the only book* that represents the science as a whole for schools." Not so. There is no science in this blundering book. There are no such prefixes as *ig* and *cog* in i-gnable and co-gnate, or as *his* "science" has them (pp. 50, 52), "*Ig*-NO'BLE" and "*Cog*-'NATE." This prevents him from seeing that the same GNO should bring iGNOble (Smith, p. 267) and GNOMon (Smith, p. 312) under one root, and a careful compiler would have kept

them together. Similarly, the verb NOTICE is placed under one "root," and the noun NOTICE under another.

"Until there is a better, (!) at least, then, let the student bless the bridge that bears him safely (?) over." There are several better books, because the errors of this one are in proportion to its pretensions, and there is no safety with a blind guide, or with a literary charlatan.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have published a "Common School Series of Drawing Books," designed and drawn by M. H. Holmes. There are four parts, or books, made up of copies and blanks on alternate pages.—To their series of "Science for the Young," they have added *Light*, by Jacob Abbott, in a very tasteful volume of 310 pages, with numerous and excellent engravings.—"*Bench and Bar*," by L. J. Bigelow. This is a complete digest of Wit, Humor, Asperities and Amenities of the Law, with portraits and illustrations.—"*Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham*," written by himself—Vol. I. Two volumes are to follow this.—"*The Ogilvies*," a novel, by Miss Mulock.—"*Ralph the Heir*," a novel, by Anthony Trollope, 280 pages, with illustrations.—"*The Institutes of Medicine*," by Dr. Martyn Paine. 1150 pages, with fine portrait.

MESSRS. DODD & MEAD have just published "*Papers for Home Reading*," by Dr. John Hall. 365 pages, with portrait.—"*The American Cardinal*," a novel. 315 pages.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN & Co., in publishing "*A Dictionary of English Synonymes and Synonymous or Parallel Expressions*," have placed the American public under peculiar obligations to them. The work, edited by Richard Soule, is designed as a practical guide to aptness and variety of phraseology. The student and the teacher will find the work invaluable.

MESSRS. LEAVITT & ALLEN BROS. have lately issued a "*History and Mystery of Common Things*." 350 pages.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., have added to their illustrated "*Library of Wonders*," "*Wonders of European Art*." 335 pages, eleven pictures.

## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

**Work and Play.**—A Monthly of Instruction and Amusement for the Young Folks at home. The only ORIGINAL DOLLAR PUBLICATION. This Magazine, which one year ago was an experiment, is now an established success. Clergymen, Teachers and Parents are loud in praise of its moral and elevating tone, its elements of instruction, and the fund of occupation and amusement for the home that every number contains. If you have never seen a copy, inquire for it at the news office, or send ten cents to Milton Bradley & Co., for a sample number. The list of contributors for 1871, can not be excelled in the country.

**Messrs. Appleton & Co.,** have recently issued new editions of *Cornell's Primary Geography*, the several numbers of *Quackenbos's Arithmetics*, *Quackenbos's Natural Philosophy* and *Miss Youman's Botany*. The *Philosophy* is brought up to date, and treats the subjects of Heat, Light and Electricity, in accordance with the views of Tyndall, Grove and other eminent philosophers of the present day. Miss Youman's *Botany* has had several new and important chapters added, and the price reduced to one dollar.

Their *Monthly Bulletin of New Publications*, sent gratis to teachers and school officers applying for it, contains much valuable information relating to new books.

**The New Game of Magic Hoops.**—Although many believe that Croquet will never be superseded by any other similar game, as it has never yet been equalled, still some have not sufficient room, or a suitable ground for a game of Croquet; others desire variety and something new, and yet others look for something more simple and cheaper. Magic Hoops is superior to all other games of a somewhat similar nature, inasmuch as the Hoops are made of wood, and are variable in size, thus requiring a more steady nerve and practiced eye in order to throw them with success, and involving more skill than any other simple game manufactured. It can be played with equal pleasure on the lawn, the garden walk, the piazza, or in the parlor. In order to bring it within the reach of all, and to enable tourists to carry it in a trunk, the manufacturers, Milton Bradley & Co., of Springfield, Mass., have in addition to the most complete style, arranged two others, thus adapting this truly popular game to the wants of all.

This game is a very pleasing companion to Croquet, as the number of players is not limited. Any number from two to a dozen can play with equal interest.

**The Indispensable Hand Book.**—Mr. S. R. Wells, the Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York, desires to call attention to the advertisement of this book on another page, and especially to a liberal clubbing arrangement offered. He feels sure that this will be taken advantage of by very many of our readers, as large clubs can be made up at these rates in every neighborhood. Every one will be more than pleased with the book when received.

**Hans Breitmann's New Book,** entitled "HANS BREITMANN IN EUROPE, AND OTHER N-W BALLADS," is in press and will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It contains Breitmann's travels and experiences in Paris, in Belgium, in Holland, in Germany, in Italy, in Rome, where he interviews the Pope; also, Breitmann as a Trumpeter, etc. It will no doubt prove to be more popular than his celebrated "Barty." It will be published in one volume, on the finest tinted plate paper, with a portrait of Breitmann on the cover, and sold by all Booksellers at Seventy-five cents a copy, or copies of it will be sent to any one, at once, to any place, post-paid, on receipt of its price by the Publishers.

### A New Style of Alphabet and Building Blocks.

Alphabet blocks have become an established necessity in every family of children, but a want has long been felt because the cubical form usually adopted in alphabet blocks is not useful for building purposes. Milton Bradley & Co., of Springfield, Mass., have perfected a set of blocks called Kindergarten Alphabet and Building Blocks, in which the forms of the sixth Kindergarten gift are used: consisting of bricks and half bricks, of which innumerable structures can be made. Mr. Bradley has invented very ingenious mechanism by which these blocks are colored and embossed with alphabets and other devices, so rapidly and perfectly that a very beautiful class of work can be sold at low prices. In one set a full script alphabet is introduced, so that the written letters is learned as rapidly as the printed character, a feature never before introduced in alphabet blocks.

THE BROOKLYN *Daily Union* of May 25, says: THE AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY, although it devotes its attention to a special line of subjects, has still sufficient variety to secure for it a full share of readers. Its articles are uniformly brief, pointed and pithy, nothing dull or insipid finding a place in its pages. The number for June opens with "Notes on the Science and Art of Teaching," followed by other articles on school topics. A copious compendium of educational intelligence for the month, makes the magazine a valuable book of reference to all interested in the cause of popular instruction.

THE PROVIDENCE *Evening Press* of May 25th, says: THE AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY is emphatically a magazine of popular instruction and literature.

THE ROCK ISLAND *Union* of May 27th, speaks as follows: THE AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY is first among the magazines of the day in popular instruction and literature. It is just the thing for all feeling an interest in general education; in fact, we don't see how it is possible for teachers to perform their duty to themselves and their pupils without first gaining inspiration and experience from its pages. It gives us pleasure to commend it, for in so doing we feel we are performing a public good.